

## ONLY 6 SHIPS LOST LAST WEEK

British Merchantmen Sinking Was Next to the Lowest Record

## SINCE INTENSIVE CAMPAIGN BEGAN

In Addition, Two Fishing Boats Were Sent to the Bottom

London, April 11.—The sinking of British merchantmen by mines or submarines reached next to the lowest level of any week since the intensive submarine campaign began. Four vessels of more than 1,000 tons and two of less than that and two fishing boats were sent to the bottom last week.

## SENATE PASSES THE SEDITION BILL

Severe Penalties Provided for Disloyal Utterances—No Record Vote.

Washington, April 11.—The sedition bill, providing severe penalties for disloyal utterances, or those obstructing the army draft and Liberty loan, was passed yesterday by the senate without a record vote. The measure now goes to conference.

## STATES KEEP RIVER CONTROL.

Representative Treadway Prevails on Administration Leaders.

Washington, April 11.—Congressman Treadway has prevailed upon administration leaders to eliminate from the rivers and harbors bill the provision that the secretary of war be given control of all navigable rivers in the United States. Individual states always have had control of these waterways, but because of war conditions the House committee inserted a provision that the control pass into the hands of the secretary.

The section would have given Mr. Baker authority to prohibit the turning of waste of all kinds into the rivers. Mr. Treadway pointed out to the leaders that the section would be a hard blow to mills and factories near rivers and said that he would offer an amendment in the House, unless the committee changed the section.

He said many Massachusetts concerns, especially those having plants on the banks of the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers, would be affected. The leaders agreed at a conference Monday to substitute for the section a provision calling for an investigation of the subject.

## 6,000 BAGS MADE

To Hold Checkers and Dominoes of Soldiers—New Jersey Woman's Idea.

New York, April 9.—One hundred and thirty women of Morrisstown, N. J., have gone back to knitting for soldiers and sailors. And their fingers are plying the needles more quickly for having had a brief vacation. No, that is not true. They were enjoying a moratorium from war work; no, they merely were enjoying a little variety and at the same time filling a need that hadn't occurred to anyone except Mrs. W. M. Berry. The result was announced yesterday by P. F. Jerome, director of the bureau of equipment and supplies of the national war work council of the Y. M. C. A., when a truck with 6,000 small bags for checkers and dominoes drove up to 124 East 25th street.

Mr. Jerome immediately looked over the shipment and said he could use many thousands more. He said that any material at all would do for the making of a bag that needs to be no larger than six or eight inches square, with a string to draw it tight when the checkers and dominoes are not in use. Checkers and dominoes also are needed, Mr. Jerome stated, because it has been found impossible to buy enough of these games in the market to supply the demand for the nation's soldiers. Many a small boy, he believes, would be glad to sacrifice one of his games for the men who are fighting for him.

Mrs. Berry, in a letter to Mr. Jerome, told how she came to know of the need for conservation of an army's checkers and dominoes. Indirectly she discovered that the men at a southern camp were using buttons for checkers, for they had no boxes or bags to keep them in and a checker would now and then disappear. She said she could appreciate the fact that a pasteboard box would wear out and made up her mind that the boys should have something convenient and durable. Six thousand bags—of cotton, silk, linen, gingham and calico—were harvested from the seed which Mrs. Berry planted in Morrisstown. It is said that there isn't enough waste cloth in the town now to put a respectable patch on a small boy's trousers.

Included in the stock of checker bags now awaiting shipment from the storage rooms of the Y. M. C. A. are dozens from the parochial schools of Newark, made under the direction of Sister Rose Clare, and many more from the New Jersey state hospital, where the convalescents have found that a little war work hastens the return of complete health.



**heals burns**  
**heals cuts**  
**heals bruises**

## Resinol

First Aid for Household Accidents

All drugstores sell Resinol. Keep a jar on hand.

## ARMENIERS MAY HAVE TO BE EVACUATED

Tuesday's and Yesterday's German Gains Place Town in an Awkward Sallient.

London, April 11.—"In this morning's attack, the Armenians entered the British first line trenches between the rivers Lys and Doube," said Major General P. B. Maurice, chief director of military operations at the war office yesterday. The attack extended from Armentieres to Messines.

"The German gains to-day," continued General Maurice, "in conjunction with the results of his attack yesterday have placed Armentieres in an awkward salient."

## WAR LABOR BOARD NAMED.

Membership Identical with That Which Framed the National War Policy.

Washington, April 11.—Creation of a national war labor board to adjust all labor disputes during the period of the war was proclaimed Tuesday by President Wilson, with its members the same men who recently framed the labor policy of the government for the war period. The board is headed by former President Taft, selected by employers, and Frank P. Walsh, selected by employees, representing the public. The other members are: Loyal A. Osborne, L. F. Loe, W. J. Vandervoort, C. Edwin Michael and B. L. Worden, representing the employers; and Frank J. Hayes, William L. Hutcheson, William H. Johnston, Victor Olander and T. A. Rickett, representing the employees.

In its new capacity the board is to settle labor mediation controversies affecting production necessary to the conduct of the war.

## TO DEVELOP FISHING.

American-Canadian Conference Shows That Great Need.

The American-Canadian fisheries conference will hold hearings in Seattle before April 24, after which hearings will be held in Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B. C., Ketchikan, Alaska, and at other places in the Northwest which the conference may deem advisable. It has already held sessions in Washington, Boston, Gloucester and St. Johns, New Brunswick. At these hearings several subjects came with special prominence before the conference. Chief among these were the limitations now imposed upon American fishing vessels in Canadian ports and the restrictions which American law placed upon Canadian vessels in our own ports. Of less general importance, but still having weight with the states of Vermont and New York, were certain existing conditions in Lake Champlain.

The hearings developed the fact that a large increase in the production of fish for the food supply of this country was both necessary and practicable, and that wisdom would provide for removing, as far as might be possible, the difficulties that hampered the development of the largest possible production. Following the hearings mentioned above, the Canadian authorities took a courteous initiative in removing, by regulation, the embarrassing conditions on Lake Champlain. Shortly thereafter, with the president's approval, Secretary Redfield issued, on Feb. 2, 1918, to the collectors of customs the following order:

To promote the vigorous prosecution of the war and to make the utmost use jointly of all the resources of the nations now co-operating, you will permit, during the war, Canadian fishing vessels and those of other nations now acting with the United States to enter from and clear for the high seas and the fisheries, disposing of their catch and taking on supplies, stores, etc., under supervision, as in the case of merchant vessels entering and clearing for foreign ports, except as to tonnage tax and other charges specifically imposed on entry from and clearance for foreign ports.

The effect of this order was to permit Canadian fishing vessels and those of other nations acting with the United States to enter from and clear for the high seas and the fisheries, disposing of their catch and taking on supplies, stores, etc., under supervision, as in the case of merchant vessels entering and clearing for foreign ports, except as to tonnage tax and other charges specifically imposed on entry from and clearance for foreign ports.

Canadian Privileges for United States Fishing Vessels.

On March 8, an order in council granting privileges to American vessels in Canadian ports was issued by the governor-general of Canada, consisting, in part, of the following report presented by the committee on the subject and approved by the governor-general:

The minister of the naval service recommends, under the authority of the war measure act, chapter 2, of the statutes of 1914, that during the war United States fishing vessels, in addition to their treaty rights and privileges, shall be permitted to enter any port in Canada, without the requirement of a license or the payment of fees not charged to Canadian fishing vessels, for any of the following purposes: (a) The purchase of bait, ice, nets, lines, coal, oil, provisions, and all other supplies and outfits used by fishing vessels, whether the same are of a like character to those named in this section or not; (b) repairing fishing implements; (c) dressing and salting their catches on board ship; (d) the shipping of catches; (e) the transshipment of their catches; (f) the sale thereof locally on payment of the duty.

The minister further recommends that the fees paid on licenses already taken out for the present calendar year be remitted.

These privileges are granted only for the period of the war by the present order in council; and this order applies to both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

Complaint Concerning Lobster Fisheries.

A source of complaint on the part of the Canadian delegation had reference to the practice pursued by a number of American lobster vessel owners of catching lobsters off the coast of Nova Scotia just outside the three-mile limit during the closed season for lobster in the territorial waters of Canada. While the laws of Canada prevent Canadian fishermen from taking lobster during the closed season, American fishermen continued to catch them, to the disadvantage and annoyance of the fishermen from the maritime provinces. The justice of the complaint was recognized by the American delegation and also by witnesses engaged in the lobster industry who testified at the hearings of the conference in Boston. As a result, a bill approved by the American delegation to the conference was introduced into Congress on Feb. 25, 1918, by Hon. J. W. Alexander, chairman of the committee on merchant marine and fisheries, with the object of prohibiting the practice.

## Topics of the Home and Household.

Placing lemons in hot water or a hot oven for a few minutes before using will make them yield nearly double the juice they would otherwise.

Before putting a garment with snap fasteners through the wringer, snap the fasteners together. This saves the little knob from being crushed and ruined.

There is always more or less wear at the top of very thin stockings, where the supporters are fastened. By sewing a piece of tape around the top, their usefulness will be prolonged.—Boston Post.

Clean, empty, glass jars, kept in a handy place will be found very convenient when there are left-overs from the table. This keeps bowls and small dishes free for other uses.

To clean a carpet, add two tablespoons soda to a large pail of warm water. Wring out of this a large towel or other cloth. Spread this over a portion of a time and beat with a carpet beater. Change the cloth until the floor has been gone over and then rinse in the water. The damp cloth will gather every particle of the dust.

A freshly laundered shirtwaist is sometimes soiled before ever it has been worn by blood spots, resulting from a pin prick or a blood stain from the needle in doing a bit of sewing. A little cornstarch mixed with cold water into a soft ball and laid upon the spot will remove the stain without in the least degree impairing the freshness of the surface.

## Be Contented with Simple Meals.

Simplicity of living is one of the greatest forces we can hurl against the Kaiser. Breakfast—Barley spoon bread, quince jam, coffee, milk; lunch, no bread, plenty of potatoes, scalloped potatoes and cheese, date custard, cornstarch pudding.

Dinner—Roast mutton, browned sweet potatoes, hominy, sautéed apples, barley pudding.

Barley Spoon Bread—3 tablespoons drippings, 4 cups boiling water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup barley meal, 2 or 3 eggs. Put fat in boiling water, sprinkle in barley meal, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour, cool and add well beaten eggs. Turn into greased dish and bake two hours in a slow oven. Serve hot or cold with top milk.

## Going Without Sugar.

Sugar is not necessary in bread making, any more than is fat. A good cook can make good bread without it. Corn or sorghum syrup or apple syrup can be used for sweetening coffee and the cereal at breakfast. Puddings, puddings, sues, custards and other cold desserts, cakes and cookies may all be made by substituting other sweetener for the sugar.—U. S. food administration.

## Swiss Honey Cakes.

One-half cup shortening, 1 pound strained honey, 1 lemon, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 cup almonds, flour to make dough.

Melt the shortening, or if oil is used this will be unnecessary. Add the honey and stir well. Remove from the fire at once and cool. Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon. Sift the soda, baking powder and nutmeg with the half cup of flour. Add this to the honey mixture. Add enough flour to make a dough stiff enough to be handled. Mix all well and set away in a cool place overnight. Roll out one-fourth inch thick, cut in squares, diamonds or circles with a doughnut cutter, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and bake in the moderate oven.

## Apricot Ice.

One cup corn syrup, 1 cup water, 2 cups apricot pulp and liquid, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Soak apricots in a small amount of water over night. Cook until soft. Mash and put through the colander. Mix well with other ingredients and freeze.

## War Cake.

One cup molasses, 1 cup corn syrup, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 package raisins, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Roll together for five minutes the first five ingredients. Cool, add the sifted dry ingredients and bake in two loaves for 45 minutes in a moderate oven. This cake makes about 20 to 25 servings. If desired, a cup of oatmeal may be used in place of seven-eighths of a cup of the flour.

Dorothy Dexter.



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## Mysterious Pain Ease.

For 30 years it has been a proven remedy for relieving the pain from Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Throat, etc.

Reduces the inflammation which causes pain. Apply Pain Ease freely but do not rub it in. Its remarkable penetration reaches the cause of the trouble and the pain vanishes.

Your Druggist Has It. Ask Him. Manufactured and Guaranteed by JUNIUS BARNES & SON, Burlington, Vt.

## AWAKE! COUNTRY'S AT WAR.

You Who Are Able to Work, Do Your Duty Now.

For many months now we have been saying to ourselves with much assurance: "Ah! We haven't realized we are at war yet—what it means—what we must do. And we won't until the casualty lists begin to come in. But then—oh! we will realize it then!"

(Item—Private John Smith killed in action on the field of honor. \* \* \* A husky man, who would make a good hay pitcher, washing dishes. \* \* \* Three miles away a farmer crying for labor—without which he cannot produce food, and without which food we cannot live.)

Well, the casualty list is coming in constantly now. One stared you in the face when you picked up the paper this morning. Another will be boxed on the front page this afternoon. They are grim, everyday affairs now—the lists of American boys who have given their lives for this cause. Every day they are dying—but do we realize yet what it means—do we?

(Item—Private Bill Jones, dead in the front line trenches; dead—but his squad repelled the Hun's attack. \* \* \* A double-listed athlete serving as a breakfast waiter with soft-boiled eggs and buttered toast. \* \* \* Plenty of women who can do that work. \* \* \* A farmer, within an hour's ride, saying that unless he gets labor he will fail to produce food.)

Oh, yes, the death lists resolve us with a mighty purpose that this war will never end until the thing for which these boys died—the utter and absolute crushing of Prussian military despotism—is completely accomplished. But how thoroughly are we putting that resolution into effect with regard to so fundamental and so immediate and so close at home a problem as the farm labor supply?

(Item—Private Tom Black dead of wounds received while on patrol in No Man's land. \* \* \* A brawny man, who on a farm carrying a nation's grain from the door to the desk of a hotel. \* \* \* A farmer nearby wiring his congressman that unless he gets farm labor the government's food production program will fail.)

Probably no vital facts of the war have been more persistently presented than these: That without food we can't win the war, and consequently that the farm must increase its production of food. That the nation-wide shortage of farm labor which must be relieved or the food cannot be produced, and that the only possible source of sufficient supply is emergency labor from the towns and cities. But, can we sincerely say the casualty lists have stirred us to more than mere bombastic talk if, understanding these food facts, we fail to turn to agriculture every hand now usefully engaged in absolutely necessary work?

(Item—Private Henry Brown died of wounds received by a bayonet charge. \* \* \* A group of able-bodied men idling around the depot. \* \* \* Half a dozen farmers within a mile of that station where food production will fail unless farm labor is secured.)

For instance, Willie White, strong and fit—good football material—is a soda jerk at the Main street drug store. Now Willie is a nice enough boy, and his job is a perfectly honorable one. But his charming skill in perfecting pineapple parfaits and his delightfully artistic assembling of chocolate sundaes and banana splits do not—just simply do not—help one little bit in whipping the Kaiser. There are plenty of nimble-fingered young ladies who can slick their hair straight back too, and be bored and blasé, and poke cherries in the top of a chunk of ice cream just as gracefully and successfully as William—thereby making it possible for that young gentleman to preside over a plough or dig potatoes or work on a threshing machine.

(Item—Private George Green, killed after he refused to surrender to an enemy force of superior numbers. \* \* \* A perfect specimen of physical manhood operating an elevator. \* \* \* A decent girl, ready for the job. \* \* \* Two decent farmers in the neighborhood looking for such a man to help cultivate and harvest feed crops, needed to win the war.)

And then there is Mike, at the Commercial hotel, who carries your grips and the shorty, who waits on the table. At the Shorty, men are marching under a shower of steel, and in the hell of shell explosions, with 60-pound packs on their backs—so will you grumble if you have to carry your own grip from the train to the taxi and from the taxi to the hotel desk—knowing that means a farmhand added to the food production army? And don't you think a girl can drive the taxi too? And furthermore, do you think the services of a physical giant are required to bring from the kitchen to your table a grapefruit and a cup of coffee?

(Item—Private Jim Long, killed going over the top in a charge that captured a valuable bit of German trench. \* \* \* Strong men who tell not, neither do they spin, but who are star patrons of the Pastime pool hall. \* \* \* Farmers not far away, desperately desirous of producing food for war winning, but unable to find farm labor.)

In every city there are men of fine physique who parade up and down in front of costly hotels and elaborate office buildings. They are gold-brained and buttoned and all cluttered up with fancy gewgaws, and they are unmoved more ostentatiously than a conquering general. They are engaged in the arduous duty of opening and closing the doors of arriving and departing automobiles—respectable work, of course, provided people wish to pay for such luxuries. But if your son is blown to pieces by a bomb to-morrow, don't you think you will regret the sight of one of these pictures of sublimated uselessness when you know that 10 miles away 20 farmers appeal for just such men to turn their muscles from worthless work to something of war importance?

(Item—Privates Jones and Black and Brown and Green and Long killed on the field of honor. \* \* \* Men in your town doing unimportant work, men doing no work. \* \* \* Women willing to do their work. \* \* \* Food production, a vital war factor, hanging in the balance for lack of the labor of just such men.)

Yes, the casualty lists are coming in every day now—the names of heroes who died for your liberty. One of your own blood, or your dear friend, may be in that proud, sad list to-morrow. But you haven't caught the spirit yet, and the country hasn't, or men would not do—nor would they be permitted to do—petty, puny things when farmers on every hand clamor for man-power to produce war food crops. When every able-bodied man in your town stands ready for farm work in that county, as needed, then that town will be able to say it understands.

## THE AMBER BEADS

By ELDREDGE HOLT.

He was a traveling salesman for a toothpowder concern.

She was a prescription clerk in a cut-rate drug store. Besides that, she had a creamy, fair complexion and light-brown eyes, shaded, it is true, by a pair of rimless, gold-bowed spectacles. But that was because the light in the pharmacy of the cut-rate drug store was not of the best and there were many prescriptions to fill.

He had met her at the school where they make young men and here and there a young woman into druggists, so they both had their diplomas and would some time have a little drug store of their own, and they would not have to keep a clerk, because, no matter what happened, Alice—that was her name—could manage to tend store for a few hours a day. You know there is a regulation that says that every drug store must have a graduate pharmacist in constant attendance during the day and part of the night to put up prescriptions.

Of course one man cannot be at the post all of the time, Alice and Paul—that was the toothpowder agent's name—had it all arranged that they could save money from the first, for since she was a registered pharmacist she could substitute in the store for the few hours that Paul would need to take off. Oh, yes, they were very matter of fact and businesslike about it and had talked over their plans for the future quite frankly.

In the meantime Paul was vending toothpowder, trying to save enough money to buy his own little drug store and by careful skimping, with what savings Alice could add, it would take two years before this purchase could be made. A long time, you think? Yes, but if you had seen the steady, soft light in Alice's bespectacled eyes and the lovely blush that came into her creamy, pale cheeks when those eyes met Paul's, you wouldn't have wondered that he was willing to wait.

Moreover, to Alice and Paul, marriage was, besides being a beautiful adventure and the one and only romance, something of a business undertaking as well.

And there was no reason whatever to be rash and hasty about it. Still, at times when Paul was on the road with his suitcase full of samples and work grew very heavy at the cut-rate drug store Alice's brown eyes grew moist and she had to take off the gold-bowed spectacles and wipe away the tears, tears not of discontent, but just of loneliness and a little impatience. For Alice's mind was full of imagining their wee home—it would probably be a little flat over the drug store to begin with—and two nights a week she was taking cooking lessons at the Y. W. C. A. so that she would be able to concoct puddings as well as plasters. And Paul sometimes snarled a little at the necessity that made him wait so long, and when sales were not as good as usual—that meant smaller commissions for him—he would write a letter of impatience to Alice.

One particularly lovely autumn day Paul sauntered into the cut-rate drug store. He had unexpectedly come to town and he wanted to surprise Alice. Alice dropped the test tube she was holding when she heard his voice, and slipping out of her all-enveloping linen apron, ran out to the counter outside.

"I've had a hurry call to New York, Alice," he told her, "and I've only a few minutes between trains. But I stopped over to see you. And, Alice, I've had a specially good run of luck. That new patent cap top on the powder makes a big hit. And I am going to be extravagant. I want to get you something from the big city. I can't afford the engagement ring I ought to have got you, but tell me what piece of jewelry that doesn't cost so very much—say ten or fifteen dollars—you would most like."

Alice clasped her hands before her and thought for a second.

"A string of amber beads," she said at last. "I have always wanted them."

Paul's face showed his disappointment. Somehow he had always associated amber beads with the fact that some old woman he had known about wore them around their necks to ward off chills and fever. If Alice had said a gold-link bracelet, with a heart-shaped padlock and a key, he would have been entirely satisfied with her choice. But Alice stuck to her plea for amber beads. "I love the color of amber so," she said, "and all my life I have dreamed of having them some time."

In ten days Paul returned one morn-

ing, and, going straight to the cut-rate drug store, found Alice and gave her the beads. Again there was short connection between trains, and in a few minutes he was off again. "I don't really like those beads," he said, "and I can take them back and get the money if you say so. I'll tell you frankly that they cost twelve dollars. I got them at a pawnshop I happened to be passing. I tried to jew the man down, but he wouldn't listen to a cent less. You might take them to some regular jeweler and find out whether I was buncoed or not. Maybe they are only glass."

Alice held the beads up to the light and revealed in the soft, golden radiance that shone through them. "I am sure they are real amber," she said. "They are beautiful. But perhaps you had better take them back. Twelve dollars would be just so much more toward the store."

"That's right," said Paul, "but I'm no Indian giver. They're what you wanted and they're what you shall have." And in another minute he was off with his suitcase full of samples for the next train.

At noon that day Alice hurried her sandwich and hot chocolate, hastily taken at the fountain counter of the cut-rate drug store, and with her beads in her hand she went to a neighboring jeweler—not the best in town, but one who was reliable.

"I am pretty sure they are real amber," she said, "still if it would not be too great a favor may I ask you to examine them and tell me what I should have paid for them?" The jeweler looked at the beads, but apparently shared none of the joy in their golden radiance that Alice's eyes indicated.

"Where did you get them, may I ask?"

"Oh, not in town. It was in some pawnshop in New York. I suppose we should have known better than to trust such a place. But they were so bright and pretty I thought they were real amber."

The jeweler eyed her narrowly. "Your idea is to sell them?" he asked. "No, I just wanted to see what they are worth. I thought you would tell me."

The jeweler lowered his voice. "I can't tell you just the maximum price that you might be able to get for them. Of course in Europe they would pay more, but traveling is dangerous. I would be willing personally to pay you five thousand dollars for them, perhaps a little more. Of course, if you went to New York you might get more, but then there would be the risk, and you might find a dishonest dealer."

Alice thanked the jeweler and fairly staggered out of the store, clasping her precious beads in her hand. She hardly knew whether the man had

been toying her, making fun of her glass beads, or whether she had been insane, or at least dreaming. She made her way to the most conservative and most expensive jeweler in town, unmindful that the clock on the corner pointed five minutes to the time that she ought to be back at the prescription counter.

Ten minutes later she was in the darkened examination room with two jewel experts. She seemed to come to a full realization of the situation when she heard one of them explaining: "If you will look through this bead you will see the first letter. Now hold this bead up to the light and see the next letter—marvelous, marvelous. I need no further proof. They are royal amber, one of a few strings of beads that Louis XV had made for his favorites. They are found only in the largest museums now. Perhaps the full value of this string has not been known for a hundred years or more. I will be willing to let you have six thousand dollars for the beads. Of course in Europe they might fetch more. If you wish to accept my offer we will have the check sent to your bank tomorrow or give it to you personally. Of course, in making such a large transaction we have to go through the form of consulting the treasurer of the concern. He is out at luncheon at present."

Somehow Alice got back to her post. She was 15 minutes late—unheard-of breach of office regulations—but she did not explain. That afternoon she sent a telegram to Paul asking him to return at once to hear the good news.

And that is why Alice and Paul didn't have to wait two years. In fact, they waited only long enough to find just the coziest little drug store for \$5,000 that you could imagine. And the amber beads—when they have been restrung and properly mounted—will be on exhibition in one of the big museums, although to any but an expert they look much like any other string of amber beads.

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## Well Paired.

"You and Grump seem to get along pretty well."

"Yes, you see, he never borrows anything but trouble, and that's all I ever have to lend."

Moral: Don't Get Found Out.


Dix—I never knew a rogue yet who wasn't unhappy.

Dix—Of course not. It's the rogues who are not known who are the happy ones.

## And Cajole the Cream.

She—I believe in always using gentle methods.

He—Always? Then I suppose instead of beating eggs you coax 'em into a froth—what?



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25c 1/2-lb. cake Symonds Inn Baking Chocolate	2 cakes for 26c
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40c Vanilla Extract	2 for 41c
50c Opeko Tea	2 for 51c

## The Red Cross Pharmacy